Let It
Snow

Let It Snow by Brown Eyes Parker

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Summary: Christmas Eve finds Mike and El on an adventure to get to Benny's for a Christmas Eve party before a snowstorm hits. With a keg of beer and James Dante in tow, two best friends realize some things they never dare to say aloud. Based on "Let It Snow".

1. Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

"You should just tell her," Lucas said as he finished wrapping Max's present.

"Tell who, what?" Mike asked, feigning stupidity even though he knew exactly who Lucas was talking about.

"You should tell *El* that you want what you have now, except with holding hands and kissing."

Mike shook his head. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well then, it's obvious to everyone but you!" Lucas leaned back to admire his handiwork. "You and El *totally* in love with each other! Don't give me that bogus, *we've known each other since before we were born* crap either! Its bull and you know it."

Mike didn't answer him, instead, he looked at Lucas' sloppily wrapped gift and frowned. "I thought you and Max had broken up again. Why are you giving her something for Christmas? Are you trying to get back together with her *again*?"

"No!" Lucas insisted. "I'm just giving her a gift because I had it before we broke up and it would be a shame for it to go to waste because it's something only *she* would like. Trust me, my days of pining over Max and then groveling for her forgiveness are long over. I am a rock, Michael. *A rock*!"

"Right," Mike said, unconvinced, he would believe that Max and Lucas were over each other when they were both in relationships with other people.

It was Lucas's turn to change the subject. "So, what are you and the lovely El up to today? Your annual Christmas Eve tradition of watching movies?"

Mike shrugged. "I guess so."

"Don't you ever want to change things up?"

Mike hated talking about his feelings for El, especially with his best friends, who teased him mercilessly about them with the exception of Will. The truth was he *was* in love with her. He had been for as long as he could remember. "She probably doesn't feel the same way," he finally answers.

"What are you guys talking about?" El interrupted as she breezed into Lucas's room.

"Nothing," Mike replied hastily. "Just how Lucas and Max aren't getting back together this time."

El seemed to accept his answer as she took a sparkly clip out of her hair and adjusted it. "Oh. Okay, are you ready to go?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready to go. See you at Benny's later, Lucas."

Lucas smirked as he reaches for a roll of plaid ribbon and started to wind it around the present. "Have fun you two."

"What was that all about?" El asked as they walked down the stairs together.

"Oh. . . you know Lucas. . ." Mike answered vaguely.

"Are you kids leaving?" Mrs. St. Clair called from the kitchen.

"Yes!" El and Mike chorused together.

"Okay then, have a good Christmas Eve!" she replied.

"You too!"

El tucked her hands in her coat pockets when they were outside and looked at Mike cautiously. "Hey, Mike. . . I was wondering if you'd be interested in doing something different other than just watching movies this year. I mean, we can still do it *later* but—"

"What were you thinking about doing?" Mike asked immediately.

"You remember James? He was the year above us. He invited us to a party."

"*Us?"*

"Well, he invited me but I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I brought you along. He's a really nice guy."

Mike wanted to say no, back when James had been at school he had been one of the most popular, good looking, and athletic guys there. There was no way he'd be able to compete with *him*. But he didn't want to say no and have El choose someone else over him.

He sighed, barely able to conceal the reluctance in his voice. "Sure, we can go to the party if you'd like."

"It'll be fun!" El tried to assure him.

Mike wasn't so sure about that but he wasn't going to object either. If it was something she really wanted to do, he would go along with it willingly despite the outcome. He opened the passenger door for her, watching as she slid in the car. He couldn't help feeling like everything was about to change and he didn't think it was necessarily going to be in a good way.

"Fun," he repeated, looking at the gathering snow clouds and wishing it would start to storm so he could change his mind. He couldn't think of anything less fun than going to a party with college students who had ignored him when they were in high school and could care less about him now that they didn't see each other every day.

El pressed her lips together. "We don't have to do it, if you don't want to."

Whenever Mike looked at El, he didn't want to disappoint her. So, he turned on the car and pulled out of the St. Clair's driveway. "No, its fine. . . where is it?" he said.

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He looked at the pair of skates El had rented him with trepidation, his heart sinking a little. He didn't think his Christmas Eve could get any worse than it already had in the span of an hour. But now he had to try and ice skate in front of a bunch of jocks.

He knew he was going to embarrass himself. There was no way around it, his coordination sucked. He was going to fall on his face and have to get stitches. . . or worse, everybody would laugh at him and then the whole school would know about it when they got back from Christmas vacation.

El was already sitting down and taking off her shoes. "Come on Mike!" she urged.

"I think I'm just going to watch for now—"

"El!" I'm glad you could make it!" James interrupted as he jogged up to them and grinned. He glanced over in Mike's direction. "You brought Wheeler! You two are still joined at the hip. It's good to see some things never change."

Mike had to bite his tongue so he wouldn't remind James that he was only going to college 3 hours away and he had been home for Thanksgiving break.

"I hope you don't mind that I brought Mike along with me," El said. "I already had plans with him and I didn't want to leave him alone."

"That's fine! Glad you could both come!" James answered enthusiastically as he clapped Mike on the back. "Good to see you again, man! Is your sister still dating Harrington?"

"Yeah."

"It's good to see some things never change!" James repeated. "Get your skates on and let's get this party started! I'll meet you guys on the ice!"

Mike slowly toed off a sneaker while El finished tying her skates.

She stole a glance at him. "Are you sure you're okay with this?" she asked.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, I know the whole physical activity thing isn't. . . your *thing*."

Mike shrugged. "We can watch *The Bishop's Wife* later," he told her.

El watched as Mike pulled off his other sneaker. "Do you want me to wait for you while you finish putting your skates on?"

"You can go on ahead. I don't mind," Mike replied.

El hesitated for a minute and then slowly got to her feet, steadying herself on her blades before teetering off to the rink. Mike couldn't look away as James met her and they started to skate together.

He frantically pulled on his skates and tied them sloppily before rushing over to join El and James.

"Do you want me to hold your hand?" El called teasingly.

"No! I've got it!" Mike answered indignantly, slipping a little bit as soon as his feet touched the ice.

"I'll be right back James," El said, skating over to Mike and holding out her hand for him to take. "Come on, don't be stubborn! It would be a shame if anything happened to your face."

"Awww. Does lwittle Mikey need a girl's help to skate?" Troy mocked from the sidelines.

Mike felt his cheeks grow hot and he gently pushed El's hand out of the way. "James and Troy are still friends? I guess James is right, some things never change!" he muttered.

"Ignore him," El whispered, grabbing his coat sleeve. "He's just a mouth breather who had to repeat the 12th grade and got left behind in Hawkins while all his friends went off to college."

Mike knew El was right but he was beginning to wish that he had declined El's invitation to go with her to this party. He should have just told her it was alright if she went without him and that they would hang out later.

He didn't know what had possessed him to go with her in the first place. He didn't want to admit that he had gone along to make sure El didn't *like like* James. It made him sound jealous and possessive. Two things he *couldn't* be because they weren't dating. . . and even if they were, it would still be unattractive on him.

He wanted to bang his head up against the glass partition. He was just thankful nobody could read his thoughts because he sounded like a complete idiot.

"Mike, are you okay?" El asked, interrupting his train of thought.

Mike nodded. "I'm fine. . . just a little rusty. . ." he stumbled. "I'm going to use a payphone to call Dustin and see if he's still going to try and have that party at Benny's tonight."

"Just be careful!" El cautioned.

"I'm *fine*!" Mike repeated, suddenly remorseful when he saw the look that fluttered across El's face. "Enjoy yourself. I'll be right back."

He waited for El to skate away and rejoin James before he abandoned the ice. He dug in his pockets for some change and went over to the row of phones against the wall. He knew the number for Benny's by heart, so it didn't take him long to punch it in.

In a matter of seconds, the phone was ringing.

"Benny's Diner," the voice on the other end answered. "Yes, we're open despite the impending storm. Yes, we have power. The hours are the same as usual even though it's Christmas Eve."

"Hi Max, its Mike. Could I talk to Dustin, please?"

"He's a little busy right now. A whole cheerleading squad just infiltrated the place and he is doing his best to try and impress them. Is everything okay? Is there something I can help you with?"

Mike was tempted to ask Max if El had mentioned being in contact with James or if she had a crush on him. But he knew if he asked her, Max would give him a lecture on the sacredness of female friendship and the secrets they shared.

He had to think of another way to get the information out of her without being direct about it. Even though being subtle was undoubtedly not one of his strongest suits.

"I'm fine. . ."

"Ah!" Max said with understanding in her voice. "This is about James, isn't it?"

"Maybe a little. . ." Mike trailed off.

"You don't have anything to worry about. They're barely even friends, Mike! We ran into him yesterday at the mall and he asked if we wanted to go to a party. She doesn't have some secret relationship with him."

Mike observed James and El. "Not yet anyway."

Max huffed. "Would you just get it over with and tell her that you're in love with her? You're not making this easy on anyone. Anyway, I gotta go! Dustin wants to know if you can try and get some beer for his party tonight. See ya!"

Mike listened to the dial tone, trying to make sense of everything that happened. He knew two things for certain. He *wasn't* going to tell El that he loved her and he wasn't going to try to illegally try to buy beer.

He hung up the phone and made his way back to the bench where his sneakers were. He started to remove his skates, for a second he thought he would just leave. He'd apologize to El later for leaving. But right now, he couldn't stand around and watch her with someone else despite his protests that he wasn't in love with her.

Unfortunately for him, he had alerted El's attention and she skated back to him.

"You're not leaving already, are you?" she asked.

"I just remembered that Dustin asked me to run to the store and pick up a few things for his party tonight. Soda and chips, he's stuck at work all day."

"I can go with you, I'm under no obligation to stay here."

"You just got here though and I know how much you enjoy this sort of thing!" Mike objected. "I would hate for you to leave on my account."

El grinned. "Come on Mike, since when do I do anything I don't want to? I'll come with you. I won't even tell anybody I'm leaving."

"Fine," Mike found himself agreeing. You can come with me. . . if you really don't mind not staying."

They didn't bother saying goodbye to James, they just turned in the skates and made a break for the wintery outdoors.

"You're sure you don't mind?" Mike double-checked.

"Stop worrying about it, Mike! I'm 100 percent sure I don't mind. I can always go back inside if *you* don't want me to come with you."

Mike knew better than to argue with her. Once El set her mind to something, she was determined and nothing could change her mind regardless of the consequences. He shook his head. "I do want you to come with me," he replied. "But there's something I should tell you first."

TBC. . .

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Author's Note:

This story is inspired by "Let It Snow". More particularly it is inspired by Tobin an Angie's story in the movie/book. If you haven't seen it, that's okay! Please forgive me if my updates are sporadic or on different days of the week at best. My life is crazy right now but I'm excited about sharing this with you, so I will try and be consistent as possible.

Hope you'll leave a review and tell me what you think.

Until Next Time!

Love,

Holly, 11/30/2019

2. Chapter 2

Shout-outs: Nerdygeekalex, tank03, and JenicaKrung for reviewing chapter 1!

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Chapter 2

El furrowed her eyebrow in confusion. "What are you talking about?" she asked, frowning.

"It's just that Dustin's having a party tonight and he wants me to try and bring a keg of beer."

El burst out laughing. "A keg of beer?" she repeated. "Could he have picked a worse person to try and illegally bring beer to a party for minors?"

Mike felt just the slightest bit offended by her statement. "What's that supposed to mean?"

El sobered up immediately. "I don't mean it as a *bad* thing!" She tried to console him. "You're just so. . . straight-edge and you follow all the rules. Not to mention, everyone in town has known us since we were babies, I just have no clue how Dustin expects you to buy beer."

"That's not what you said!" Mike objected. "You said that Dustin couldn't have picked a worse person to buy beer."

"It's not a bad thing," El repeated, coughing a little. "Maybe if you had the time to plan it out, you would go to a different town to buy beer or something."

"You're just trying to make me feel better!" Mike frowned. "Except it sounds like a bad thing still."

El got a sly look on her face. "I actually might have a solution to your problem," she said. "As coincidence would have it, Troy is supposed to be hosting a keg party out at the quarry tonight. I know for a fact that he has beer in the back of his car *right now*. . ."

"Are you suggesting we take Troy's alcohol!?"

She shrugged and stuck her hands in her pocket. "Why not? It'll be payback for all the times he's made our lives miserable over the last dozen years or so."

"Jane Eleanor Rich, I cannot believe what I'm hearing right now!" Mike said. "You're just as good as me. If not better, what would possess you to do something so. . . *naughty*?"

"I don't know. Let's have an adventure, Mike! Aren't you tired of not doing anything besides playing D&D and watching old movies?" El said.

"We're doing something different right now," Mike pointed out.

"We barely survived 15 minutes in there," El answered. "I overheard Troy tell someone the car wasn't locked."

"Why is that information he would just offer up freely?"

"Because he's dumb!" El reminded him as she made her way to Troy's bright red Porsche. "Are you coming to help me or not?"

Mike's instincts were telling him that stealing from Troy would be the worst idea that he ever had. But at the same time, all he could hear were the insults the other teenager had called him over the years. Suddenly, the desire to give him a taste of his own medicine overtook his common sense. He looked both ways and followed after El.

"You know this is a bad idea," he told her. "There is no way the two of us can carry 1,984 ounces of liquid by ourselves. We're not the strongest people in Hawkins."

"Oh ye of little faith!" El replied, rolling her eyes. "Where there's a will, there's a way!"

She opened the trunk, her eyes widening when she saw the steel drum of beer sitting nestled between an old hockey jersey and discarded Converse sneakers. Mike leaned over her shoulder and shook his head.

"There's no way we're going to be able to carry that," he repeated.

El was already trying to navigate it out of the bed of the trunk. She fixed Mike with a look. "Give me a hand, would you!?"

Mike snapped to action, struggling and failing to help her lift it. He knew better than to say '*I told you so'* though, so he kept his mouth shut and focused on the task at hand.

"Hey! What are you guys doing?" Somebody interrupted them.

Mike's heart sank, he had been caught red-handed by Troy. He could only imagine the beating he would have to endure and the name-calling El would suffer. He started to formulate an excuse when he saw *James* jogging towards them.

"James!" El said, smiling at him.

"You two left the party earlier," James pointed out.

"Mike's a horrible skater," El responded sweetly.

"So, um, what are you doing by Troy's car?" James asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Maybe we're stealing his keg for our friend Dustin's party tonight," El replied.

James pushed them out of the way. "Well, you're not doing a very good job of it. Are you?" he picked it up with the ease of a quarterback. "Close the trunk for me, will you Wheeler?" he shouted as he sprinted towards the Wheeler's station wagon. "Then make a run for it!"

"Make a run for it? *Why?*" Mike asked.

Troy stormed outside his face was bright red with rage. "Are you *stealing* my beer!?"

Mike ran faster than he ever had in his life. He couldn't imagine what Troy would do if he caught him but he didn't want to find out. He took his keys from his coat pocket and jumped in the station wagon.

El and James were waiting for him, ready to go. He turned the ignition and tore out of the parking lot.

Jingle Bell Rock was blasting from the radio. El leaned over to turn down the volume. He didn't have to look into the rearview mirror to know Troy was following them.

"Wheeler, you're more like your sister than I thought!" James said, admiringly from the backseat.

"*Huh!?"* Mike turned his head around. "What's that supposed to mean?"

El hit his arm. "Mike, keep your eyes on the road! We could get into a car accident if you're not careful!"

Mike focused on his driving again. "I'm more like my sister than I thought?" he repeated.

"The things she's done its stuff legends are made of!" James replied. "I'm sure you've heard about it. Like when she drank almost a whole gallon of Billie Hargrove's Halloween punch and didn't even have a hangover at school the next day."

"Or the time she beat up Hargrove for giving Harrington a bloody nose with a dodge ball in gym class."

"I've never done anything like that before though. . ."

"One time she smuggled a keg of beer to prom," James said. "You're kind of doing that now. It makes it so much better because you pulled one over on *Troy*! You'll go down as a Christmas Eve legend too because of it. Don't worry about him telling either because it's illegal for him to have alcohol and if he tries to beat you up, I'm sure he'll have to answer to Nancy."

"Just what I want, my big sister sticking up for me," Mike grumbled.

"That's the last thing you have to worry about right now," El said. "It looks like Troy's following us."

Mike swallowed. "What should I do?"

"Speed up!" El replied.

"I don't think you've noticed but it's starting to snow!" Mike retorted. "The roads are probably iced over."

"Listen! Troy could easily go faster than the speed limit and run us off the road!" El told him, huffing. "I don't want to die on Christmas Eve, Mike! We're not even supposed to be out. My dad and mom think I'm in your basement, watching movies right now. If I die, my parents will kill me!"

Mike looked in the rearview mirror and saw that Troy was almost on his bumper. He breathed in deeply and put his foot to the gas, he didn't dare look at the speed gauge because if he saw how fast he was going, he would lose his courage and stop driving completely.

He gripped the steering wheel. "What if we get stopped? Do I need to remind you, not only are we speeding but we also are minors with a keg in the trunk?"

El rolled her eyes. "Don't worry, Will told me that Hopper's working today. He usually gives us a pass."

"I'm not going to get a free pass," James piped up from the backseat. "Back in the day, I did a lot of stuff that gave the Chief a run for his money. If he catches us together, it might not go so well for you."

El and Mike exchanged panicked looks.

"What do we do?" Mike asked.

"Well, first of all, you don't have to freak out because there's no way Chief Hopper is hanging out, there's nowhere for him or any of the other guys from the station to hide out here waiting for joyriders," James tried to ease their worries. "Besides, I'm sure he has more important things to do, it being Christmas Eve and all."

"We need to think rationally," El said, taking a deep breath. "We're doing one of your D&D campaigns and we're in inimical danger. What does your character do?"

Mike stared at her blankly. "I don't know! I usually have *months* to

write a D&D campaign before we actually play it!"

James looked confused. "You still play Dungeons & Dragons? Aren't you seniors?"

Mike was just about to answer when Troy rear-ended him, causing him to lose control of his car and spin into a ditch.

TBC. . .

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Author's Note:

Another chapter finished. Sorry that it took me longer than I expected to update. It's one of those things where you think life is going to calm down and it doesn't. Including sickness and my uncle having cancer. I also realize this is not very Christmas-y. I apologize for that, it's completely by accident. Also, I've wanted to write a story where Terry and Andrew were El's parents for a while now. This seemed like the best time to do it. Anyway, tell me what you thought of this chapter! I am sorry it was so short. Be back with more soon.

Love,

Holly